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Pope.

A pigmy's body and a heart of steel;
A giant's mind enriched by skilful art;
A man in whom the graces had no part.
But on his brow Fair Knowledge set her seal,
And logic ruled a breast that scarce could feel
Aught but the venom of the critic's dart;
He sold his genius at the highest mart,
But held his faith, unheeding fortune's wheel:

And thus does mind o'er matter hold its sway,
And make a man where nature made a child;
Thus industry a part of genius proved,
Made talent shine with an effulgent ray;
Reflecting thoughts like jewels undefiled.
His artful pen the minds of thousands moved.*

THE CRITICISM CLASS.

Dryden.

BY M. A. QUINLAN, '93.

I.

Never, perhaps, in the history of English or American literature has there been a more versatile poet than Dryden. Living in an age of revolution in manners, customs and morals, experiencing great changes in political opinions and national interests, and influenced, to some extent, by his surroundings, he gives us a variety of models that is simply incredible.

He it was who first succeeded in blending smoothness and harmony with strength and beauty; but the glory of Chaucer and Spenser, the pride of Shakspeare and Milton, was not a

* As at least fourteen members of the Criticism class each supplied a line in this sonnet, it would take up too much space to give each member credit for his work.

language so utterly unrefined as some have been pleased to term it. "What was said of Rome adorned by Augustus has been by Johnson applied to English poetry improved by Dryden—that 'he found it of brick and left it of marble.'" The good Doctor must have been at a loss for a metaphor when he took this from the Latin and, in his forgetfulness, gave to the bard of Stratford-on-Avon a place that might be justly claimed by the "Father of English Poetry." The Elizabethan was truly the golden age of literature; and none can say with propriety that the English language passed from the pen of its worthy master simply a rude brick of clay. Rather say that Dryden found it of marble and turned it into forms of exquisite beauty.

Judge all honestly and fairly: if we wish to extol the poet of the Restoration, it is not right to forget that Shakspeare was his master. Each was a genius; the one has given us the greatest and grandest dramas mankind knows of, the other draws his fame from many sources. He profited by the faults of his predecessors, and turned the sparkling waters of the spring into a fountain.

If early in life Dryden decided to be a writer, he also felt the great need of an education. In his time there was no special encouragement for authors. A man's literary acquirements were of little avail if he were not in favor at the king's court. Dryden knew this, and lost no opportunity to bring himself into the notice of the aristocracy.

In his youth he was a Puritan in name; but, ever a royalist at heart, a politician as well as a poet, he followed the fortunes of his country wherever they led him. Never an admirer of the rigid severity of his friends and kinsmen, he chose rather the gay frivolity of the court of

Charles II. than to disturb his mind with Puritan ideas about eternity, unfathomed, unknown and full of terrors. As an author he reflected his times as they really were; and, unfortunately, the morals of the people were then at their worst. The strict laws of the Commonwealth had given way to the licentious freedom and dissipating luxury of the Restoration, and England, for a time held in restraint by Puritan austerity, was, when set free, hurled down by the impetus of its own desires. Human nature, awaking from its restrained state, glided through the ball-room, or reclined on the couch of ease. All sought to enjoy themselves—all, except the Puritans, and they were, "as a body, unpopular."

Theatre-going was a source of enjoyment to the many; the coffee-house was the rendezvous of wits; the drawing-room and banquet hall had numerous attractions for society seekers, and the king's court, arrayed in all its gorgeous splendor, was not without its share. Games, also, were a popular amusement among the higher classes. The king himself could be often seen in the parks playing at pell-mell or tennis, or riding horseback in company with the queen. Archery and fencing were coming into fashion, but card-playing was not going out. Immorality, too, had reached its limits, if it has any, but did not hasten to retrace its steps. It spread throughout England a contagion that was destined to last for years. Women wore masks at the theatre to conceal from their friends the unforced blush of shame; for their own sex, now the elevation of the stage, was then its degradation. Everyday life in the times of Dryden, Addison and Pope, and even of a much later period, would shock the decent public of the nineteenth century, and we may well be thankful that the great literary productions of such an age reflect a purer civilization than really existed.

Dryden is a poet too noble to be neglected. Like Pope, he was a master of the satire; like Wordsworth and Shelley, he excelled in the lyric. For this reason, if for none other, he deserves our appreciation and attention. But his fame does not, or should not, at least, rest entirely upon his odes and satires. He labored in almost every field of literature known to his predecessors, and in all was recognized as the foremost writer of his times. "To him," it is said, "we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion, of our meter, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctness of our sentiments." Yet he is not a poet for whom one can have any personal attachment. Like Goldsmith, we see him in his works, but he fails to command our sympathy. There is little that is tender in him;

his style is fierce and strong, yet full of dignity; clear and simple, and full of variety.

As a poet-philosopher "Glorious John" stands pre-eminent amongst English and American writers; and his prose—for even in this he won a high reputation—also manifests his innate power of reasoning. His philosophy is strong, healthy and original, but, perhaps, he sometimes uses it to excess; as Sir Walter Scott says: "It was a consequence of this mental acuteness that his characteristic personages often philosophised or reasoned when they ought only to have felt."

As a model of style Dryden should be carefully studied. Pope was his disciple in satire and his imitator in versification; but Pope was too artificial, and his philosophy poor. His heroic couplets are in some respects superior to Dryden's; but the rhymes are jingling and the cadences irregular. He is seldom true to nature; and in this he differs from his prototype of the XVIIth century. Pope lives on account of the exquisite skill of his versification; Dryden's reputation rests upon the solid foundation of originality in thought and expression; he discarded the quaintness and conceits of his predecessors, and substituted in literature the easy aspect of a man of the world. He fell in with the manners of the time, and at once became popular.

In regarding his works as the expression of his genius, it would be no more than just to make an exception in the consideration of his dramas. Dryden, like Goldsmith, was "passing rich on forty pounds a year," perhaps more; but when he began to move in fashionable society, this was not enough to supply his wants. On the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne of England, theatres were thrown open, and play-writing naturally became popular as a means of subsistence. Dryden, accordingly, turned his attention to this occupation, and produced dramas which, to say the least, were not very creditable. His aim was simply to please the public and make money; and since, to attain this end, he was obliged to bring his characters down to the ideal of the times, we should not judge them too severely. Some are certainly immoral; but this fact alone should not interfere with his greatness as an author. If a pearl be found in the mud, pick it up; it yet retains its value.

II.

With this glance at English morals and customs in the last half of the seventeenth century the reader may be prepared to regard Dryden in a clear light. He can see what influences

were brought to bear upon the writer, and can account for his coarseness in composition by the fact that the people themselves were in a state of retrograded sensuality. "Glorious John," although in a certain degree influenced by French customs, forms an age of his own. Standing far above the other literary men of his times, he is a planet among stars, full of beauty and grandeur, while those about him fade almost into insignificance.

Dryden was born at Aldwincle All Saints, in the Valley of the Neu in Northamptonshire, England, on August 9, 1631, and died in London May 1, 1701. At Tichmarsh he received the first rudiments of his education. Later he studied under the famous Dr. Busby at Westminster, and afterwards entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1654, he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1657 he went to London where he spent the rest of his life. London in his time was England, as Paris was France. It was then, as it is now, the centre of fashion and amusement, the home of poets and wits. The next year Oliver Cromwell died, and Dryden's glowing eulogy on the life and acts of the hero of the Commonwealth, first brought him to the attention of the public as a rising poet. But by this man's death Puritan sovereignty was weakened. Charles II. was shortly afterwards offered the crown of his father; public opinion and public sympathy favored royalty once more; and Dryden, like the rest, "abandoned the fallen creed to worship the rising sun."

Literature and politics were alike influenced by the Restoration. The gross licentiousness of the period enfeebled the few great minds it possessed, and out of a number of minor writers, there are but two or three that deserve the name of poet. Butler is remembered for his "Sir Hudibras" which is, perhaps, one of the keenest satires in the English language. Dryden ought to be read for many reasons; but he is, unfortunately, read too little.

First of all he was a dramatist; not through love, however, but, as Dr. Johnson writes, "by necessity; for he appears never to have loved that exercise of his genius, or to have much pleased himself with his own dramas." In 1662 he began his career as a play-writer, and shortly afterwards made a contract with the King's Theatre to produce at least three pieces for the stage every year.

His first attempt was a comedy under the title of "The Wild Gallant"; but it was received by both the critics and the people with such disapprobation that he recalled it for correction.

This was a poor beginning, but he labored with untiring zeal, and conquered. "The Indian Queen" was his first great success; it was, in fact, the greatest since the opening of the theatres. In his earlier plays he used the rhyming couplet; in his later ones blank verse was his favorite; and in some we find an intermingling of both forms.

Although his genius was essentially undramatic, it nevertheless attained for him a reputation that, in his day, was second to none. A work would not be a success unless Dryden wrote a prologue or an epilogue to it. Shakspeare had gone entirely out of fashion. The people wanted something light and airy, and it was the aim of play-writers to satisfy their wants. They sought material in the French as well as in the English, and did not hesitate to reconstruct "Troilus and Cressida" or "The Tempest." Some of Dryden's dramas are imitations; few can claim unblemished originality. But, though coarse and unartful, they are not without their merits. Some one has said that he neither arouses our sympathy nor touches our pity. However true this may be in his satires, there are in his plays a few passages that are really remarkable for their pathos. Among them is the following from "Don Sebastian":

"Something like

That voice, methinks I should have somewhere heard;
But floods of woe have hurried it far off
Beyond my kin of soul."

This is pathos indeed—poetic pathos I would call it. Such instances are rare; but, few as they may be, they are admirably expressive. Take the following from "Aurengzebe":

"Live still, oh, live! live even to be unkind."

This is truly worthy of Shakspeare. As Lowell says: "This single verse with its passionate eagerness and sobbing repetition is worth a ship load of long drawn treacle of modern self-compassion."

"All for Love" was, although an avowed imitation of Shakspeare, his great success as a play-writer. This was the only one he wrote for himself; the rest were given to the people. He wrote for the men and women of his own day, and indulged in the licentiousness of the period for their sake; but now, when morals have become more refined, his plays are not read except by critics. And it is only lately that *they* are beginning to do him justice. Because he wrote some really bad dramas, they ignored his good qualities; because Byron wrote "Don Juan," should we ignore his "Childe Harold"?

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

The Falling Leaves.

Seared are the leaves by autumn's frost; the wind,
That whistles through the shivering trees, that sings
Their death wail, and in ruthless pity flings
Them on the cold, bleak earth, is as unkind
As spring's mild breath is gentle. They have pined
Because the biting blast has, with its wings
Mercurial, stung, with its venom'd stings,
Their tender green in rage and folly blind.

Each leaf doth typify the life of man:
He comes into the world with soul arrayed
In dress as lovely as the opening bud;
But when his winter nears, he, pale and wan,
Lays down life's irksome burden, and doth fade
To drop into th' eternal flowing flood.

N. E. C.

Christopher Marlowe.

BY F. J. THORNE, '93.

Among the contemporaries of Shakspeare was one whose genius would undoubtedly have made him equal to that great master of the human mind had not death taken him away at the early age of thirty.

Christopher Marlowe, the son of the poor shoemaker of Canterbury, was born in February of the year 1564. His father was able to send him to the best school in the city from which he successfully passed to Cambridge. After taking his degrees of B. A. and of M. A. at Corpus Christi College he left the university for London in 1587. Here he began to write plays; but his genius was not properly trained or balanced, and some one says that his splendid productions "came from the effects of the beer he drank." What ignorance that critic must have enjoyed! If Marlowe's spirit had been tamed he might have eclipsed "Hamlet," Shakspeare's greatest tragedy. Yet, after consideration, that seems almost impossible; for "Hamlet" can never be reproduced.

Let us praise Marlowe; aye, prize him as a glittering gem, for having in him, as Drayton says,

"—those brave translunary things
That the first poets had; his raptures were
All air and fire which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness still did he retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

Marlowe is too much neglected, even though his genius is undoubted. If he had none, why did Shakspeare copy him? Marlowe's fire and poetic energy might well be called Shakspeare's spring of wisdom from which he often took deep

draughts, and surprised the world with their clearness.

Notwithstanding Marlowe's worth, he is said to have been an infidel; but even this fact did not prevent him from producing magnificent specimens of his poetic greatness. Greene, one of Marlowe's rivals, styled him the "famous gracer of tragedians," and he well deserves the title.

When Marlowe's first play, "Tamburlaine the Great," was published in 1590, it put London in a ferment of excitement; and it also created the Elizabethan drama. This play was soon followed by "Dido, Queen of Carthage," "The Jew of Malta," "The Massacre of Paris," "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," and "Edward II." "Dr. Faustus" is, indeed, an excellent tragedy, but does not quite come up to the work of "Edward II." But in "Faustus," Marlowe's genius is well shown. The plot of the play is this: Faustus is a necromancer who has brought himself into communication with supernatural beings. A good angel and a bad angel each try to influence him; but Mephistopheles, the prime minister of Lucifer, and the bad angel prevail. A contract is drawn up by which Faustus agrees, in consideration of supernatural endowments, to surrender himself at the end of twenty-four years body and soul to the fiend. He is thus enabled to command the forces of nature and to astonish the world with his power. The knowledge of the cost of this power urges Faustus to repentance, of which he finds himself incapable. The last scene arrives and Lucifer reminds him of his promise.

The skill with which Marlowe has depicted the last scene, the display of Faustus' mental agony, with which the play closes, has never been surpassed and, probably, never will be. I quote a few lines from the last scene:

"FAUSTUS: O Faustus!

Now thou hast but one bare hour to live;

And then thou must be damned perpetually!

Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come!

Oh, I'll leap up to Heaven! Who pulls me down?
See, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament,
One drop of blood will save me. Oh, my Christ!
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
O spare me, Lucifer!—(clock strikes.)
Oh! half the hour is past; 'twill all be past anon!

It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
O soul, be changed into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean ne'er to be found."

Marlowe wrote the "Jew of Malta" for Alleyn,

the celebrated actor of the time. In this play Barabas, the Jew, is another Shylock, whose greed for gold has made him something almost inhuman. The scene where the Jew meditates on his wealth is easily ranked with the finest in our literature. Marlowe's words seem to flow from his pen, like waters in a running brook, in a never-ending stream of clearness.

In "Edward II." Marlowe's genius reaches its highest. Edward's ruin is approaching slowly but surely. He trusts implicitly in Gaveston, who is, I think, really the person that serves to bring about the king's end. Edward loves Gaveston with all his heart. When the latter is banished, Edward cries aloud in his agony. He says:

"My heart is an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah! had some bloodless fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forced to leave my Gaveston!"

In the last scene of the Fifth Act is the murder of the king. The manner in which Edward speaks is enough to bring tears to one's eyes. Edward is imprisoned in a dungeon, where all the waste of the castle accumulates, and it is wonderful how Edward has managed to keep alive for the ten days of his imprisonment. Edward pleads pitifully for his life with Lightborn, a blood-thirsty cut-throat, who pretends to be the friend of Edward.

In the dialogue between the two, Lightborn calls his two allies, Matrevis and Gurney, villains, and then the following scene ensues:

"EDWARD: And there (*in the dungeon*) in mire and puddle have I stood

This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O would my blood had dropped out from every vein
As doth this water from my tattered robes!

LIGHTBORN: O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart;

Lie on this bed and rest yourself awhile.

EDWARD: These looks of thine harbour naught but death;

I see my tragedy written in thy brows,
Yet stay awhile; forbear thy bloody hand;
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

LIGHTBORN: lie down and rest.

EDWARD: But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;

For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now, as I speak, they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sittest thou here?

LIGHTBORN: If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my lord.

EDWARD: No, no; for if thou mean'st to murder me,

Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay (*sleeps*).

LIGHTBORN: He sleeps.

EDWARD: (*Waking*.) O let me not die yet. O stay awhile.

LIGHTBORN: How now, my lord?

EDWARD: Something still buzzeth in mine ears,

And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake!

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;

And therefore tell me wherefore art thou come?

LIGHTBORN: To rid thee of thy life. Matrevis, come.

(*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.*)

EDWARD: I am too weak and feeble to resist.

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

LIGHTBORN: Run for the table.

EDWARD: O spare me, or despatch me in a trice!

(*The king is murdered by holding him down on the bed with the table and stamping on it.*)

LIGHTBORN: So, lay the table down and stamp on it,

But not too hard, lest that thou bruise his body.

MATREVIS: I fear me that this cry will raise the town,

And, therefore, let us take horse and away.

LIGHTBORN: Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?

GURNEY: Excellent well; take this for thy reward.

(*Stabs LIGHTBORN who dies.*)

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,

And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord;

Away! (*Exeunt with the bodies.*)

Europe does not yet know Marlowe. In England, even, few give him high regard; in other countries he is still considered an infidel and a barbarian. Men should pay more respect to the immortal genius with which Marlowe was endowed. Marlowe's works and those of Shakespeare should both be in the same shelf; where one is, the other should also be seen.

Marlowe wrote other poems, among them "Hero and Leander," and a few elegies; but time and space prevent me from dwelling longer on the productions of this great master of English tragedy. I hope that the world will soon become conscious of its error in letting Marlowe go unnoticed for so long; and that Christopher Marlowe may

"Live with thee living in eternitie."

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

As an epitome of the laws that should guide one in criticising the works of an author, Pope's "Essay on Criticism," in all probability, has no equal. So much is said in such a limited space that every line has its own separate meaning; and yet it is perfect; nothing seems lacking. One may attend lectures and classes where the most brilliant and clever men of letters of modern times preside, and yet they tell you nothing that is not contained in this remarkable essay by this remarkable man. The individuality of Pope stands out in every line; and yet, while nearly offended, one is charmed. His bitterest censors will admit

this essay to be a masterpiece of criticism. It is peculiar; and when one begins to read he is bound by its very sharpness, and will not lay it aside until its last page is finished; and then it is laid away, not like many books with a longing for another page, or a feeling that the author might have added something else, or followed out this or that thought more at length.

Pope's essay is complete. Professing to write against critics, he becomes the most bitter of their number; and his thrusts are the more severe because everyone will admit of their truth; as, for example, he says:

"Some judge of authors' names, not works; and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality.
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonneteer or me;
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens; how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!"

The essay abounds in similes and figures; perhaps the most beautiful are

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

And in describing the verse of some poet, he says:

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

Indeed, many lines have become almost everyday expressions, as,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."
And,
"To err is human; to forgive, divine."

The style is perfect and very easy, and what he says about expression is fully justified by his writings, for he shows that

"Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed;
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town and court."

While reading one page the reader will think Pope the most narrow of men, and often on turning the leaf you will praise him for his broadness of mind; yet on the whole he seems to be inclined to take a liberal view of the subject, and to advise charity toward the writings of others.

An excellent point about this essay is its clearness and terseness; and if he condemns anything in another be sure you cannot find the fault here; and if he lauds any quality be equally as certain you will discover it in this

work. But yet, as we have been often told that in all good writings, as in music, there must necessarily be an occasional discord, one finds a line or an idea that grates harshly on ear or sense, but only to emphasize the strength and beauty of what has gone before or will follow. Pope says himself:

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

Homer and Dryden are here strongly recommended as text-books and models for young authors, as Pope himself was an enthusiastic student of these two great men. The publication of this essay was followed by the most violent criticism of its writer; and one cannot help thinking that when these articles were read he may have quoted the last lines of his production:

"The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights and pruned her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence the unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame,
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse, alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend."

DUDLEY M. SHIVELY, '93.

Economy of Flight.

During a voyage from San Francisco to Portland, my attention was attracted to the remarkable sailing of the sea gulls. In their search for food these birds are obliged to hover near the vessel; and they usually select a place three or four yards above and out from the railing, where they remain on motionless wings. What seemed so remarkable was the length of time they could follow without movement of wing or feather. I know they moved neither, because I could see and count each feather, see the vanes of the feathers, see the shadows of the coverlets of the wing, see each movement of the head and eye. The wings remained absolutely motionless and as nearly level as the eye could distinguish; yet the birds glided on with apparently more ease than a sled on ice. Timing them with my watch, I found that they could easily float for one minute without descending, and with a loss of only about 120 feet on their original position with reference to the boat. During this one minute they must have passed over more than one thousand feet of space; for the vessel was moving at no less than fifteen miles per hour. If, then, my observations

were correct, we have the singular fact of a bird travelling through the air with an economy of energy rivalling that of the sleigh on ice, the car on a good track, or the fish in water. I should like to learn of similar observations with measurements and circumstances accurately determined.

Of course this performance is remarkable only on the supposition that the birds were sailing but not soaring. By the term soaring I mean ascending on motionless wings without loss of velocity. Soaring in general can be accomplished in either an up current or in a variable horizontal current. With a variable horizontal current soaring can be executed only by continuous cycling, and only by the great masters of flight. In an up current any bird can soar, and without cycling. As these birds, then, were not cycling, I knew that they could not be soaring unless there were something of an up current of air beside the boat; but as I had no better means of determining the direction of the breeze than that of throwing out paper wads, my conclusions were unsatisfactory. Judging from the conclusions of the ablest modern writers on aviation, that a good sailor inclines its wings less than two degrees to the horizon, it would seem that a bird should ride steadily forward against and slowly ascend on a breeze blowing upward at an angle of somewhat more than two degrees to the horizon. I have frequently watched birds riding on such sloping currents in the neighborhood of cliffs. At the Shoshone Falls, an eagle has for years built its nest on a rock jutting out of midstream just above the falls; and, when preparing for a long journey, has been observed to fly directly from its nest to a cliff half a mile distant, there soar up to a very great height, then suddenly set sail for a point some miles distant, gliding steadily onward as a boy would coasting from such a height. So it might be proved that the current beside the boat moved slightly upward, thus aiding the bird forward and upward.

Having, however, observed similar feats of sailing near the earth and in calm air, I have thought that this kind of locomotion must be effected with wonderful economy; in other words, that the air passed over must be almost equivalent to a solid frictionless plane. It was pointed out many years ago that a horizontal aeroplane falls, when moving horizontally, more slowly than when not so moving, and the greater the horizontal speed, the less the vertical velocity of fall. This fact has been fully confirmed by recent experiments. The unqualified statement, however, that flight may be effected with less power at high speeds than at low speeds is not true. Neglecting skin friction and the slight resistance of edges, the economy of transportation of an aeroplane depends solely upon the angle of advance. Velocity is a factor of economy only in so far as it permits a favorable

diminution of the angle of advance; and when this angle becomes so small that the horizontal component of air pressure equals the combined other resistances to progression, the limit of favorable velocity is reached.

That both the friction and angle of flight are exceedingly small may be argued from the great distance covered by a bird during the period of hovering. If, for example, as in the case cited, a bird with an initial velocity of 22 feet per second hover for one minute, and cover in this time a distance of 1,200 feet, the average velocity is 20 feet per second, the final velocity 18, and the kinetic energy lost, $\frac{M 160}{2}$,

M being the mass of the bird. This lost energy, $\frac{M 160}{2}$, is equal to an ascent of the bird's weight

through a vertical distance of $\frac{160}{2g}$ ft. = 2.484 ft.

nearly. If this loss were due to the component alone of air pressure against the lower surface of the wing, the angle of advance would be that of a triangle with base equal to 1,200 ft., and perpendicular equal to 2.484 ft., or an angle of about 7'. If we charge one-half the above loss to skin friction and other hurtful resistances, the above angle must be halved very nearly. This calculation assumes that the bird is not helped by a favorable current, but moves in calm air; and I give it for what it is worth, trusting that the observations of some one else may confirm or contradict it. The result, if true, indicates that a bird can sail indefinitely down an incline of eleven feet per mile—economical travelling indeed!—ALBERT F. ZAHM in *Scientific American*.

Mozart.

.... In music for the church his deep religious nature finds its natural expression. How perfectly he enters into the mysteries of his faith is best shown in his own words: "Ah," he said one day to a Protestant friend, "you have your religion in the head and not in the heart; you do not feel the meaning of those words, *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem*. When one has been, like myself, introduced from the tenderest infancy into the mystic sanctuary of religion; when with a soul agitated by vain aspirations, one has assisted at the Divine Service where music translates these holy words, *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*, oh, then it is very different. Later, when one is wearied with the void of a vulgar existence, these first impressions, ineffaceable in the depth of the heart, revive and rise to the mind like a sigh that expands." The tremulous prayer of a tender mother, the impassioned longing of a world in tears, the serene and pitying voice of Divine consolation, the anthem of joy and the hymn of sorrow—all these find a fresh and more potent color in his inspired strains....—*Century for December*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Notre Dame, December 5, 1891.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Among the many treasures lately received by the Director of the Bishops' Memorial Hall is one that possesses an interest peculiarly pathetic. It is the gold embroidered and jeweled mitre worn by the martyred Archbishop Seghers when he was consecrated, and used by him on all solemn occasions. In 1886, Archbishop Seghers was cruelly murdered in cold blood while making his episcopal visit to the poor Indians of bleak, frozen Alaska. Before this precious mitre came into the possession of Archbishop Seghers it was owned and used by Rt. Rev. Bishop Demers, the first Bishop of Vancouver Island and the companion in the missionary labors of the great Archbishop Blanchet, the Apostle of the Far Northwest. It has now found a fitting home among the great historical collections at Notre Dame.

—It is impossible to realize how much happiness has been caused in this world by words and acts of kindness. And yet how few there are who really possess this beautiful virtue! The spirit of pride and arrogance seems to have obtained dominion in the minds of men. The man of to-day has no care but for the accumulation of wealth and the gratification of selfish passion. Not a word of encouragement for those who are struggling with adversity passes his lips; not a hand is raised to help the poor and unfortunate. There are, indeed, exceptions—men who have a smile and a kind word for everybody. How we love and respect such persons! Their presence always brings cheerfulness, and their magic influence is like a ray of sunshine. If we would only consider our own failings and imperfections, we would be less apt to speak and act unkindly to others. If we are quick to notice and comment upon the

faults of our fellows it is but too often because we are forgetful of, or would blind ourselves to, the errors into which we ourselves have fallen. The noble mind ever realizes that kindness leaves its healing influence on the soul, and often proves the source of future improvement.

—On Monday last St. Edward's Hall, always bright and beautiful, presented an exceptionally festive appearance on the forty-ninth anniversary of the first Mass of Very Rev. Father General Sorin at Notre Dame. The members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, whose privilege it has been for years to give the annual entertainment in honor of this memorable event, acquitted themselves of their different parts in a manner that delighted the select audience, especially the one on whom all their thoughts centred. This association consists of the more advanced student of St. Edward's Hall; but as all the Minims were anxious to show their affection for their beloved Father General, the entire department, one hundred and thirteen, took part in the performance. As the clock marked the appointed hour, 9.30, all eyes were directed towards the door. At the appearance of the one so eagerly expected, all arose, and the warm "Welcome, Father!" and the hearty applause must have told Father General, even more than the touchingly beautiful addresses which soon followed, how deeply his Minims love him.

Accompanying the venerable Father Founder were Rev. Fathers Granger, Cooney, Spillard, Franciscus, Zahm, French, Scherer, Fitté, Regan, Kelly, Connor and Kirsch, also the seminarians, graduates, Sorin Hall, ex-Minims and a number of ladies, parents of the Minims. The program was carried out with the ease and gracefulness characteristic of the "Princes." The vocal music was very creditable for such young singers. At the close Very Rev. Father General arose and in words direct from his heart told them how deeply he thanked them for the pleasure they had given him; and that he was prouder than ever of his "princes." Rev. Fathers Franciscus and Zahm spoke at some length, congratulating the venerable Founder on the monuments that his forty-nine years have raised, not only at Notre Dame but all over the country, and hoped that as Almighty God has brought him through such a severe illness He will spare him for many years to carry on the glorious work which he inaugurated and has directed from that first 30th of November, 1842, until to-day.

College Societies.

One has but to follow the weekly reports of the literary and debating societies of the University to come to the conclusion that they are doing excellent work, are supplementing, in a practical, concrete manner, the instructions received in the various classes of Literature, Criticism and Oratory. It does not, however, require a very intimate knowledge of the inner working of our societies to see that their great success is due mainly to the earnest, unselfish efforts of a few members, who sacrifice their leisure for the instruction and entertainment of the others and their own improvement. If this generous spirit inspired all the members of the various societies, or, at least, were better appreciated by those who do not possess it, there is no doubt that the result would be greater harmony in the weekly meetings, and, consequently, more concentrated work and more pronounced success.

* * *

Many who refuse to join the literary societies plead that they cannot find time, without detriment to their class work, to perform the duties which membership would entail. This statement is nonsensical in the extreme. No one but a silly or thoughtless student would make it, or entertain it for a moment. All are well aware that their class work, if it is to be of any value, must be supplemented by private study; and that mere theory is almost a mental burden, if it be not reduced to practice. Nothing is easier than to direct this private, practical work in such a manner that it would be in perfect accord with the programme followed by some one of the societies. If this were done, it would be of unquestionable benefit to both students and societies.

* * *

Of those who enter literary or debating societies there are always a few who, through their indifference to the good of the society and to their own improvement, are a dead weight, a useless burden of ignorance, stupidity and conceit. With equal readiness and indiscretion they discuss, extemporaneously and without previous study, the most profound questions. There seems to be no limit to the patience of college societies. Members conceal their disgust, and often applaud, sarcastically of course, speeches entirely without merit and full of misstatements, bad logic and execrable English. The student—unless he be a phenomenon—who

thinks that he is fully equipped for the discussion of all topics, is not a desirable member of any society. He may for a time furnish amusement to his fellow-members by making a foolish exhibition of his ignorance and want of judgment, but such exhibitions, it goes without saying, soon become nauseating. If the societies of Notre Dame are not burdened with any such useless members, they have more cause for self-congratulation than usually falls to the lot of college societies.

* * *

Among the causes which retard society work, the most serious and deplorable is the constant and ill-concealed effort of a few "to run things." When officers have once been chosen for the year or the session, a reasonable man would naturally suppose that all would settle down to routine, the majority invariably deciding questions of dispute, the minority quietly submitting to the inevitable. Unfortunately, however, this is not always the case. The bitter and irreconcilable hostility of a few to every measure proposed to the society, cannot terminate in anything but confusion, and is often the prolific source of bad feeling. A popular member is generally the centre of a group of admirers whom he can influence in no small measure. If he does not choose to use his power in the interest of peace and harmony, if his conduct is not controlled by good-will towards his fellow-members and concern for the welfare of the society, he accomplishes much harm, and generally brings about a very undesirable state of affairs. To such a member nothing should be counselled more than forbearance. He should remember that popularity is a very unstable thing, liable at any time to desert him, and never more insecure than when he is most conscious of possessing it. If his popularity is due to mere physical superiority, let him not depend too much upon it in striving for influence in literary and debating societies. Members who gravitate towards a man of such popularity are too few in number and weak in intellect to sustain him in any long, concerted effort "to run things." The truly popular student is the one whose pre-eminence is due not merely to superior physical endurance and vitality, but to mental and moral robustness of character. Such a student will always have a large and respectable following, and, never using his popularity to create discord or to foment dissension, will, in the long run, demonstrate his ability to conduct the business of his society discreetly and successfully.

K.

Christian Charity.*

".... This great city, in which thousands endowed with health, strength and skill are engaged in a fierce struggle to maintain their existence, has a large number of the poor, the sick and the afflicted who suffer for the necessities and comforts of life which should be supplied by those whom Almighty God has blest with a superabundance of this world's goods. The primary and cardinal principle of the old Roman Church, to which it is our privilege and happiness to belong, is charity. If we eliminate charity from Christianity we take out of it Christ. From the time He wrought His first miracle, by converting water into wine at the wedding feast in Canaan, until the closing scenes of His life He constantly ministered to the wants of the destitute, the despised and the forsaken. His heart was moved with compassion, tenderness and mercy for the sufferings and afflictions of the poor. It was in solacing and comforting them that He manifested His power, His glory and His divinity. He commanded His chosen apostles, and all who were to believe in Him in the ages to come, to practise the gospel of charity. At the time He came upon earth to redeem mankind and establish His Church, the Roman empire ruled the world. But no benevolent institution or charity hospital to take care of the decrepid, the maimed or the needy could be found throughout the length and breadth of its vast dominions. They were looked upon as burdens upon society, and cast aside to rot and perish. The sublime civilization, so rich and unapproachable in philosophy, art and literature, which the Græco-Romans reared, was in the fulness of its greatness, splendor and grandeur. For centuries before the Christian era until now their intellectual monuments have been and will be for centuries to come the light of the world. The most gifted and cultivated of modern nations can only approach their ideals.

"Notwithstanding the dazzling brilliancy, power and majesty of the Græco-Roman civilization, its social and political organization was honey-combed with vice and crimes which called to heaven for vengeance and retribution. The time was at hand for the apostles of the new dispensation, the new evangel, to stem the torrent of iniquity which threatened the destruction of all that was good and noble in the Græco-Roman civilization, and introduced into it the saving, revivifying and regenerating principles of Christianity. This herculean labor was undertaken by a few obscure fishermen and their followers. You know the persecutions and martyrdoms which the early Christians suffered

for centuries. But in the days of Constantine the Great, the banner of the cross, the sacred emblem of salvation and regeneration, was planted in every region of the empire. Soon after came the incursions of the Northern barbarians who laid waste with fire and sword civilized Europe. Then it was that the divine mission of the Church was made known. She saw around and about her ruin and desolation; her monasteries, churches, and schools of learning swept away in the general wreck. Nothing daunted, she commenced the stupendous work of subduing the ferocious, cruel and untamable barbarians to the empire of law, of government and religion. The great and mighty nations of Europe to-day, with their universities, their schools of art and halls of science, are the growth and development of Catholic ideas and principles. We who are here to-night are the legitimate heirs of all that our Mother Church has done for God and Christianity. It should be our pride, as it is our duty, to be true to her teachings, and to do all in our power to aid her in placing the human race on a higher and nobler plane of civilization than it has yet reached."

Books and Periodicals.

—"Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly" is the name of a little volume of selections from his poetry and prose, arranged by Katherine E. Conway, who introduces them with an estimate of O'Reilly as poet and literary worker. The book is in press with the well-known publisher, Copples, and will be gotten out with the artistic beauty of typograph, illustration and binding for which this house is famous. The tinted portrait of the poet is admirable and so are the page pictures, and head and tail pieces within. The book will be ready in a week, and will be in great demand as a Christmas book. Orders for it may be sent to "The Pilot Office," Boston, where it will be on sale. Retail price, \$1.00. The compiler's proceeds go to the O'Reilly Memorial Fund.

—The Christmas number of *St. Nicholas* has before it every year the task of breaking the record. This year we have a true Christmas story for the beginning written by Ella F. Mosby and illustrated by R. B. Birch. The plot is based upon the meeting of an old English hostelry of the retainers of York and Lancaster families during the Wars of the Roses. Each party happens to be escorting one or more babies, and the friendship of the little ones reconciles their elders. What could be more fitting to the season than a story of child peacemakers? Charles E. Carryl, who wrote "Davy and the Goblin," a great favorite with the readers of *St. Nicholas* a few years ago, now begins another story of similar whimsical nature called "The Admiral's Carvan," which is appreciatively illustrated by Birch. Charles F. Lummis, whose strong stories

* Extract from the speech of Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon, '60, of South Chicago, at the banquet under the auspices of the Visitation and Aid Society, at Kingsley's, Chicago, November 24.

of the Southwest are so favorably known, begins a set of papers descriptive of "Strange Corners of Our Country," the first being mainly devoted to a well-justified but enthusiastic account of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. "Bill Nye" describes "The Escape of a Whole Menagerie" and the exciting recapture of the fugitive stock. Kemble illustrates the story by a humorous sketch of the proprietor. In "Honors to the Flag," W. J. Henderson praises the devotion of army and navy officers to the flag, and suggests that civilians might profitably emulate their example of reverence in ceremonial.

—The Christmas *Century* is something more than the usual number of this magazine under a holiday name. It is pervaded with the spirit of Christmas, and both directly and indirectly touches upon the festival. This characteristic first is evident in the cover, a new and special design, drawn by George Wharton Edwards. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the painting of "The Holy Family" by Du Mond. The number contains engravings of modern pictures relating to Christmas. Quite appropriate to the season also is Mr. Stillman's article on "Raphael," accompanied by Mr. Cole's engraving of "The Madonna of the Goldfinch," made especially for this number, and three other examples of Raphael's work—the Æneas and Parnassus groups from the Vatican, and the portrait of Maddalena Doni. The Mozart centenary is the occasion of a paper by Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason, author of "The Women of the French Salons," entitled "Mozart—After a Hundred Years" which is fully illustrated, and appeals to a very wide and general interest in music. Other illustrated articles are: "The Bowery," by Julian Ralph; "The Ocean from Real Life," by Captain John A. Beebe of Nantucket; and "The Golden Age of Pastel," by Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney. The first part of Dr. Weir Mitchell's serial, under the name of "Characteristics," is printed in this number. Following upon W. T. Coleman's account of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco come General Sherman's letters of 1856 setting forth his relations to the Vigilance Committee of that year, which it is well known were in opposition. These letters throw not a little light upon the events of the time, and will be in the nature of a revelation to those who know Sherman chiefly as a soldier and veteran.

—The useful applications of science are especially prominent in *The Popular Science Monthly* for December. First comes a copiously illustrated paper, by Edwin A. Barber, on "The Rise of the Pottery Industry," in the series on American Industries. In this are described the undertakings of the early American potters, with figures of some of their ware, and of the apparatus used in making it. Mr. P. D. Ross contributes a description of the "Type-Casting Machines" just coming into use, which bid fair to revolutionize the printing trade. Cuts of the two rival machines are given. Prof. G. L.

Goodale's address on "The Possibilities of Economic Botany" is concluded, the topics considered being fruits, timbers, fibers, fodder-plants, etc. There is an able essay by Prof. E. P. Evans on "Progress and Perfectibility in the Lower Animals"; while Dr. Wesley Mills has a practical article in the same field on "The Training of Dogs," which is illustrated with pictures of a number of champion hunting-dogs. Rev. J. W. Quinby gives a striking exhortation to "Breathe Pure Air." The last of Prof. Frederick Starr's illustrated dress articles, dealing with "Religious Dress," is published this month. In "The Lost Volcanoes of Connecticut," Prof. W. M. Davis gives the evidence of former fiery outbreaks that he has found between Hartford and New Haven, with drawings showing the nature of the disturbances that they caused. J. B. Mann has a sensible article on "Silk Dresses and Eight Hours' Work" that the champions of the workingmen should ponder over. The paper on "Dust," by J. G. McPherson, shows how much is brought out by study of an insignificant subject. The Portrait and Sketch represent the Russian Mendeleef, a chemist whose name is one of those most widely known at present.


—The Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains ten illustrated articles, in which is represented some of the best work of well-known artists, including L. Marchetti, Albert Moore, Howard Pyle, E. H. Blashfield, F. Hopkinson Smith, Herbert Denman, and Victor Pérad. Following the precedent of previous Christmas issues, there is an abundance of short fiction. There are a poetic legend of the first Christmas tree entitled "The Oak of Geismar," by Henry van Dyke; a stirring tale of the Franco-Prussian War, "A Charge for France," by John Heard, Jr., with illustrations by Marchetti, the eminent French artist and pupil of Detaille; an artist's story of "Espero Gorgoni, Gondolier," by F. Hopkinson Smith, with the author's own illustrations; another of George A. Hibbard's charming short stories, entitled "A Fresh-Water Romance," a tale of the great lakes, the interest of which centres about an old propeller; and "A Little Captive Maid," by Sarah Orne Jewett, which is the story of a cheery Irish girl, whose service made easy the last years of an old New-England sea-captain. This installment of Mr. Stevenson's story, "The Wrecker," describes vividly a voyage on the Pacific, and the arrival at the deserted island and the wreck around which the action of the story moves. In addition to this notable fiction is an appreciative article on Albert Moore, the English painter, who passed fifty years of age without recognition by the Royal Academy, and yet has achieved a unique position with artists and critics for the original quality of his work. The most richly illustrated article in the number is "Afloat on the Nile," by Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Blashfield, which describes the voyage in a dahabeeyeh from Cairo to the Cataract, illustrated by Mr. Blashfield's own sketches.

Local Items.

—That sleigh ride!
 —Two weeks more.
 —Prepare for Exams.
 —Competitions are over.
 —Smiler's mustache got 'em.
 —The mustache has followed the enticers.
 —The "Princes" are the stars of the 'Varsity.
 —The Burgomaster has written five more pages.

—Our good authority says that the telescope is still on the way.

—We were beginning to congratulate ourselves on some good skating in the near future, but—

 —Remember the SCHOLASTIC box in the Students' Office. "Drop your article in the slot, and see it appear in print."


—A great deal of agility is developed in those addicted to the toboggan slide habit. The danger of collisions is responsible for it.

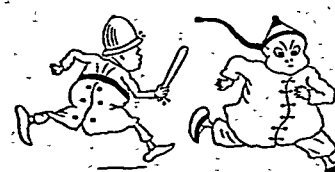
—Tuesday next is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, patronal festival of the Church in the United States.


—The Minims return the warmest thanks to Very Rev. Father General for the treat of delicious New Orleans oranges he sent them on the 30th.

—Rev. President Walsh returned on Wednesday from St. Louis where he had been in attendance at the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Kenrick.

—Great praise is due the Minims for their excellent entertainment last Monday. They showed careful and earnest application to their work that they might honor their venerable patron.


 —A game of football between the North and South of Brownson Hall resulted in a draw. It was played for a barrel of apples, which was divided equally between the two sides.



 —Time to make up your mind which road you'll take home,—for the holiday vacation is fast approaching.


 —Many boys turn out "artful dodgers" on account of their practice in youth of avoiding snow-balls. Oftentimes, too, the "missiles" are caught "on the fly," which accounts for the number of good "short-stops."

—We have had a spell of regular Indiana weather this week. The earlier part of the week we had sleighing and skating; then came a thaw, a fine spring-like day being the result. Then it rained hard: now—?!


—The football team held a reunion in the Senior refectory last Thursday under the auspices of B. Paul. An excellent lunch was partaken of, and a pleasant time is reported. All return thanks to their worthy host for the handsome manner in which they were treated.

 —Indoor base-ball and "shinney" are the Carrolls' amusements nowadays, while the old reliable handball still holds its own among the Brownsons. The Sorins and the "Princes" are still to be heard from in the line of festal activity.

 —Behold some of the leading artists in the concert troupe by whose delightful (?) serenades the silent hours of the passing nights are enlivened and a varied assortment of testimonials evoked from a wildly enthusiastic audience! 

 —A barrel of oranges, sent by the Rev. President of St. Isidore's College, New Orleans, to the "Nightingale," was liberally partaken of and heartily enjoyed by ye Local Ed. He cannot refrain from giving public expression to his grateful acknowledgments.

—The camp fire of the O. D. Pease Post, G.A.R., at Turner opera house on Thanksgiving evening was well attended, and the large crowd present was well entertained by the speeches of Rev. Father Corby, Provincial of Notre Dame, Ind., and Adjutant-General Gray. Both gentlemen's addresses were fine efforts, and were listened to attentively throughout.—*Watertown (Wis.) Gazette.*

 —Sunday afternoon a party of Sorinites, eighteen in number, taking advantage of the good roads, hired a big sleigh from ye famous Pat. After a pleasant drive, they brought up at Father Stoffel's, where they were royally entertained. All report a very pleasant time, and return thanks to the genial pastor of St. Joseph's Church for favors received.

—The series of physiological lectures was continued last Thursday with "The Digestive System" as the subject. After the regular lecture, two pictures illustrating the blasted hopes of a chunk of Cincinnati adipose tissue were shown. They were greeted with great applause. Then another series of comic pictures were shown for the benefit of the small boys. The subject of this series was "How to fool a Bulldog." The lecture closed with the picture of a beautiful terrier.

—LAW DEPARTMENT.—The Law Debating Society met in their law room on Saturday evening, the 28th ult., Colonel William Hoynes presiding. The subject for debate was: "Resolved, that Prohibition is a failure." Messrs. M. McFadden and J. G. Henly spoke for the affirmative, and A. A. Heer and M. Kirby for

the negative. At the conclusion of the debate Colonel Hoynes reviewed the arguments *pro* and *con*, and considered that the merits were won by the affirmative, and so decided. After this he gave his own opinion on the subject in a manner characteristic of the Colonel, and afforded the students a fund of interest and amusement.

The Moot-Court met Wednesday, December 2, and tried an interesting action of Trespass on the Case, in which P. Coady acted as attorney for plaintiff and P. Ragan for the defendant. The facts were these: Benjamin Parker, plaintiff, took passage at South Bend on one of the mixed trains of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway, and was injured by the explosion of a box of nitro-glycerine, which had been placed on the train for shipment and labelled "acid." It appeared that the train met with a jolt in the road, caused by a misplaced switch and that this made the box explode. The court held that the railway company had no reason for knowing the dangerous character of the contents of the box, and that, under the circumstances, there could be no recovery against the company.

The Philodemic Mock Congress held its regular meeting Sunday evening, November 29. At a meeting the week previous the pension bill as amended was passed. This bill provides for the payment of twelve (\$12) dollars per month to each and every soldier disabled, seriously injured or suffering from any disease contracted in the United States Army. After the report of the reappointment committee appointed to newly divide the House, had been accepted, Representative Raney's bill was discussed. The Hon. P. Houlihan, of Ind., and DuBrul, of Ohio, strenuously opposed the bill; but, notwithstanding this opposition, the bill was advanced to its third reading and passed. This bill provides for an appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the World's Fair. By the election of Representative McCarrick, of Tennessee, the Democrats have been materially strengthened, while Ohio has added another to her list of efficient Republican members in the person of the Hon. J. Schopp, who takes his seat at the next meeting.

The approach of the holiday season but stimulates the mental energies of the Columbians as was plainly seen at their fourth regular meeting. Under the efficient presidency of Prof. Neil, the Columbians are valiantly endeavoring to realize the expectations of the eulogist in a former number. Mr. Dinkel, having set forth in a highly interesting essay the principal reasons why further immigration into this country is undesirable, Mr. Powers, thoroughly imbued with the true principles of Æsculapius, read a selection abounding in humorous descriptions and styled "Chills and Fever." The debaters for the evening then took up the question, "Resolved, That the different sects are entitled to a pro rata share of the school fund." Mr. Brookfield thought they were, and proved it by a well-pre-

pared paper. He was followed by Mr. Flannigan who held somewhat opposite views which he eloquently endeavored to impress on the society. His debate was characterized by apt illustrations and comparisons. Mr. J. Kearns then spoke in favor of the division and, besides giving the result of the personal research, cited many able authorities in favor of his position. Mr. W. Burns, a young and enterprising Columbian, wanted the school fund divided, and in an able paper pointed out the moral and other advantages accruing from this system. Notwithstanding the able efforts of the negative, after a careful analysis of the arguments by the President, the debate was decided in favor of the affirmative.

—MILITARY.—The following has been received for publication:

HEADQUARTERS H. L. G.,
NOTRE DAME, Ind., Nov. 26, 1891.

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. I.

On and after November 26, 1891, the following appointments will go into effect:

Captain L. Chute, assigned to Co. A.
Captain F. Chute, assigned to Co. B.
Private A. Robinson, promoted Captain and assigned to Co. C; 1st Lieutenant J. McGrath, assigned to Co. B; 2d Lieutenant T. Coady, promoted 1st Lieutenant and assigned to Co. A; Private E. Roby, promoted 1st Lieutenant and assigned to Co. C; 2d Sergeant D. Cartier, promoted 2d Lieutenant and assigned to Co. A; 2d Sergeant C. Fleming, promoted 2d Lieutenant and assigned to Co. B; 3d Sergeant E. Du Brul, promoted Orderly Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; 4th Sergeant P. Coady, promoted Orderly Sergeant and assigned to Co. A; 2d Corporal C. Scherrer, promoted 1st Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; Private G. Lancaster, promoted 1st Sergeant and assigned to Co. A; 3d Corporal N. Luther, promoted 2d Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; Private E. Dorsey, promoted Orderly Sergeant and assigned to Co. C; Private W. Ellwanger, promoted 2d Sergeant and assigned to Co. A; Private E. Scherrer, promoted 3d Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; Private E. McGonigle, promoted 3d Sergeant and assigned to Co. A; Private J. Scallan, promoted 4th Sergeant and assigned to Co. A; Private G. Gilbert, promoted 4th Sergeant and assigned to Co. B; Private R. Magnus, promoted 1st Corporal and assigned to Co. A; Private J. Tong, promoted 1st Corporal and assigned to Co. B; Private F. Schillo, promoted 2d Corporal and assigned to Co. A; Private J. Rend, promoted 2d Corporal and assigned to Co. B; Private W. Lindeke, promoted 3d Corporal and assigned to Co. A; Private H. Cheney, promoted 3d Corporal and assigned to Co. B; 4th Corporal L. Thome, assigned to Co. A; Private J. Coll, appointed Drummer and assigned to Co. A; Private O. Du Brul, appointed Drummer and assigned to Co. B.
Total membership: Co. A, 41; Co. B, 61; Co. C, —.

Approved and signed,

WILLIAM HOYNES,
Colonel Commanding.

T. H. COADY,
Acting Adjutant.

—At the celebration of the forty-ninth anniversary of the First Mass of Father General at Notre Dame, the exercises were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

March,—Byron..... H. Durand
Address..... F. Cornell, W. Scherrer, V. Berthelet
Song, Greeting to Very Rev. Father General: F. Cornell;
C. Krollman, W. Blumenthal, H. Hathaway, O. Brown;

J. Freeman, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, F. Wolf, C. Girsch, A. Crawford, E. Furthmann, T. Ransome, J. Pieser, G. Kinney, H. Jones, D. McAllister, E. Chapoton, W. Patier, L. Wilson, E. Longevin, R. Brown, F. Holbrook, R. Ball, A. Everest, A. Coquillard, W. Crandall, S. Keeler, R. Pursell, R. McPhee. Accompanied by H. Durand. Trio, "Alpine Bells,"—Thomas, H. Durand, F. Cornell, C. Krollman.

Recitation "Minutes"—E. LaMoure, E. Christ, R. McIntyre, V. Berthelet, J. Corry, G. Howard, F. Cross, R. McCarthy, F. Croke, E. Francis, W. Weber, J. Curry, W. Allen, W. Finnerty, W. Gregg, R. Ninneman, B. Freeman, E. Dugas.

Recitation, "Grey Swan".....A. Carey, C. Furthmann
" "St. Andrew's Feast Day".....F. Cornell
Chorus—Dressler, F. Emerson, R. McCarthy, F. Croke, E. Francis, C. Francis, J. Curry, W. Allen, N. Freeman, W. Ahern, J. Coquillard, F. Crepeau, O. Crepeau, W. Durand, E. Swan, J. Lawton, G. Egan, D. Oatman, B. Smith.

Recitation, "Too Late—Saxe, W. Scherrer, A. Everest, R. Ball, H. Thomas, M. Pratt, B. Morrison, C. Coulter, C. Nichols, A. Coquillard, W. Crandall, F. Stuckart, S. Keeler, S. Elliott, L. Tussner, W. Fuller, R. McPhee, E. Patier, T. Repscher, S. Donnell.

Recitation, "The Three Kingdoms".....F. Cornell
" "The Arab's Farewell to His Steed"—Norton
P. Trujillo, G. Scherrer, W. Gavin, B. Londoner, F. Curtin, F. Trankle, W. Gregg, E. Gilbert, R. Berthelet, J. Pieser, A. Hilger, L. Fossick, G. Kinney, B. White, H. Jones, C. Kern, D. McAlister, C. Langley, E. Kuehl, J. Ayers, F. Platts, E. Chapoton, F. Higginson, W. Rose, W. Patier, L. Wilson, E. Longevin, R. Brown, F. Holbrook, L. Donnell, J. Healy.

The Hunters' Glee Chorus—Wondel.....Vocal Class
Dialogue, "The Shipwreck".....Fowle
F. Holbrook, E. Patier, W. Gregg.

Duet, "Ave Maria".....A. Crawford, F. Cornell

CHARGÉS D'AFFAIRES:

L. Trankle,	E. King,
D. Wilcox,	T. Burns,
J. Maternes,	J. Lounsbery,
A. Longevin,	F. Steele,
J. McGinley,	F. Jonquet.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, L. Chute, F. Chute, Dechant, Dacy, Fitzgibbon, Fitzgerald, Hannin, Langan, Monarch, Maurus, P. Murphy, McGrath, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Schaack, Sullivan, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Burns, Brennan, J. Brady, Brown, T. Brady, Beaudry, Corcoran, Corry, Cosgrove, Cassidy, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, J. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Crilly, Castenado, Cushing, Coll, Cherhart, Cook, Connors, Coady, Combe, Dinkel, R. Delaney, Devanny, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, Flynn, P. Fleming, Foley, Frizzelle, Heneghan, Harpole, Healy, Henly, Houlihan, Heer, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, W. M. Kennedy, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Kirby, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, E. Kenny, Kunart, Layton, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, Maloney, D. Murphy, McClure, Morrison, McGonigle, McErlain, McKee, W. S. McDonnell, F. Murphy, Mattingly, McCarrick, McCullough, McFlanery, McDermott, O'Donnell, Olde, O'Shea, Powers, Preiskamp, Phillips, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Sherman, Stanton, Schopp, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Wilkin, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Bergland, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, Brennan, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, F. Brown, G. Brown, Burkert, Burns, Carney, Corry, Cosgrove, Culen, Curran, Connell, Corcoran, Crawford, Carpenter, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillon, Dillman, Delany, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, DuBrul, Eagan, C. F. Fleming,

Falk, Finnerty, A. Funke, G. Funke, Fitzgerald, Grote, L. Gibson, Griffin, Gerner, Girardin, Gillam, Garfias, Glass, Hill, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hamilton, Hagus, Hittson, Healy, Janssen, Joseph, Kauffman, Kreicker, Kountz, Kerker, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, Levi, LaMoure, Lee, Luther, Mahon, Mills, Miles, Major, J. Miller, Mitchell, W. Miller, Meyers, Moss, Minor, Marre, McCarthy, A. McKee, McDowell, McPhee, Martin, H. Nichols, Oliver, O'Brien, J. O'Neill, O'Rourke, W. O'Neill, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Pomeroy, Phillipson, Regan, Rumely, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, W. Sullivan, Strauss, Shaffer, Sparks, Shimp, Sedwick, G. Sweet, Scholer, Slevin, Sheuerman, Stephens, Thome, Thorn, J. Tong, O. Tong, Tallon, Thomas, Thornton, Teeters, Trimble, Vorhang, Washburne, Wellington, S. Walker, Weaver, White, Wensinger, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yingst, Yeager, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, R. Brown, O. Brown, Blumenthal, Burns, V. Berthelet, Ball, Cornell, Christ, Coulter, O. Crepeau, F. Crepeau, Crawford, Curry, Cross, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Corry, Curtin, Crandall, Chapoton, B. Durand, H. Durand, Dugas, S. Donnell, C. Donnell, Everest, Elliot, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Egan, E. Francis, C. Francis, Fossick, Fuller, Finnerty, J. Freeman, B. Freeman, N. Freeman, C. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Girsch, Wm. Gregg, Gilbert, Healy, Hilger, Hoffman, Hathaway, Howard, Holbrook, Higginson, Jonquet, King, Kern, Krollman, Kinney, Keeler, Kuehl, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Loughran, Londoner, Langley, Lowrey, Longevin, Lysle Lawton, Lonergan, McIntyre, McPhee, McCarthy, McAllister, Morrison, Maternes, Nichols, Ninneman, Oatman, O'Neill, Pieser, Platts, E. Patier, Pursell, Ransome, Repscher, W. Scherrer, Rose, G. Scherrer, Swan, Smith, Stuckart, L. Strankle, Trujillo, Thomas, Tussner, Wolf, Wilcox, White, Weber, Wilson.

Post Office Notice.

HOW TO PREPARE AND ADDRESS PACKAGES TO BE SENT BY MAIL.

Mr. A. Burt, superintendent of the fifth division of the railway mail service, has sent out instructions as to the manner of preparing and addressing packages to be sent by mail. The season is approaching when the mails will be filled with holiday presents, and a great many are unnecessarily lost, delayed or damaged each year because of the indifferent manner in which they are prepared for mailing.

Newspaper or other thin paper should never be used for wrapping, and packages as ordinarily wrapped where purchased are not sufficiently secure for forwarding in the mails. Use strong paper; make a solid package that will not crush easily; tie well with good twine; address legibly and correctly with ink on the lower right-hand corner and very few packages will fail to reach destination in good condition. It is always advisable to place the name and address of the sender on the upper left-hand corner of all packages, etc., sent in the mails, so they may be returned in case the addresses cannot be found. Postal statistics show that more delays result from incorrect addresses than from errors in distribution by postal employees. In case of loss or delay, report the same to your postmaster with all of the information that can be given.

Railroad Tickets.

The Vandalia will sell tickets for Christmas vacation at $1\frac{1}{2}$ fares for the round trip. Tickets to be sold on certificates of institutions. Good going and returning until Jan. 6.

Anyone desiring transportation for the Christmas holidays will do well to call on Mr. F. Raff, room No. 2, Odd Fellows' Block, South Bend, Ind.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Welcome visitors at St. Mary's during the past week were: Mrs. Carson, of Durango, Col.; Mr. and Mrs. McGuire of Edgerton, Ohio; Mrs. Dieffenbacher, of Plattville, Wisconsin, and Mr. Griffith, of St. Paul, Minn.

—The members of the Class in Phonography are making steady progress in this practical branch, and are now thoroughly under its fascinating influence. Among the more advanced pupils, Miss M. Kirley exhibits marked aptitude for reporting work, while the "corresponding style"—to indulge in shorthand phraseology—numbers among its most devoted adherents the Misses E. Buell, G. O'Sullivan, P. Hellman and L. Brand.

—The readers at the last academic meeting were the Misses H. Sanford and C. Robbins, who presented a French and English selection, respectively, both young ladies acquitting themselves in a creditable manner. The Rev. Chaplain who presided made a few remarks touching the importance of the study of the languages together with the necessity of continued application to all school duties, after which the meeting adjourned.

—On Friday evening, November 27, the Rev. Father O'Neill, C. S. C., continued the conferences on the Creed, presenting in an able manner the proofs relative to the Resurrection. The learned (?) sentences that figure on the pages of "Robert Elsmere" were carefully scrutinized and their sophistry exposed, thus guarding the pupils against the snares of its insidious teachings, and rendering the book—to them—comparatively harmless.

—The proclamation of the Governor enjoining rest from the every-day pursuits of life, together with attendance at divine service on November 26, was promptly and heartily complied with by the pupils of St. Mary's. After attending Mass, at which Rev. Father Scherer, C. S. C., delivered a sermon appropriate to the day, the remaining hours following the usual Thanksgiving dinner, were devoted to reading, conversation and fancy needle-work.

—The classes in Natural Philosophy have been recently putting the knowledge gleaned from the pages of the text-book to the test of experiment, thus spending many hours pleasantly and profitably. The chapters treating of Sound were rendered most interesting through experiments with the phonograph, siren, vibrating cords, musical glasses and the manometric flames, the last-named having a peculiar fascination for the happy possessors of musical voices.

—Familiar and dear to all American hearts is the name of Henry W. Longfellow; and in

selecting it for the theme of his last lecture, Professor Egan chose a subject fraught with deep interest to his listeners. The poet's ancestry, the salient points of his memorable life, together with the works upon which rests his fame, were dwelt upon in a manner that showed the appreciative critic, inspiring the auditors—with a greater love if that were possible—for the poet of the home and heart, the amiable and beloved Longfellow.

—On the eve of the Feast of St. Andrew St. Mary's Novitiate was honored by a visit from Very Rev. Father General, which, it is almost superfluous to say, gladdened the hearts of all its inmates. The tedious illness which has so long deprived St. Mary's of these much-prized visits will soon, it is hoped, be conquered, if the ceaseless prayers of Very Rev. Father General's spiritual children be not offered in vain. On the occasion in question, a pleasant entertainment, consisting of several numbers, was given in honor of the venerable guest, with which he expressed himself as well pleased. Accompanying Father General were Rev. Fathers Zahm and Franciscus, C. S. C.

Rainy Days.

"The day is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary."

Who does not recall days similar to that described by the poet, when the bright blue of heaven's expanse was veiled by dense masses of leaden clouds—days when no gleam of sunshine appeared to brighten the darkened world, and when the ceaseless patter of rain drops on roof and window pane kept time to the whistling of the wind as it swept round the corners of unprotected buildings? It is autumn. The trees and shrubs have lost their summer garb of green; nor is there left a trace of the bright colors that once made them appear like so many huge bouquets. Here and there some hardy vine, its leaves all sear and brown, may still cling to its support, but only to be a mournful memento of faded beauty.

The once smiling sky wears now a forbidding aspect and, as if bemoaning the death of the year, shrouds itself in sombre gray, or dissolves in tears of blinding rain. Unlucky the wayfarer whom adverse circumstances force out to encounter all the disagreeable features of such a day! Rather would we be of that number who look out upon all this from the windows of a room; cheerful with the light from a glowing grate, luxurious with chairs that seem to extend their arms to receive us into their capacious depths. When the sweet, kind face of a

mother sheds brightness around, and a happy group of children contribute to the general amusement, then, truly, in that charmed circle one may bid defiance to wind and weather. Such a scene rises before me.

Dame Nature herself has given the children release from the duties of school, and, seating themselves round the grate, the cheerful crackling of the hickory log and the bright flames issuing forth are the last touches necessary to complete the picture of a happy home life, which any artist might deem himself privileged to sketch. The rehearsal of fairy tales, snatches of song mellowed by the sweet tones of the guitar beguile the passing hours. Now the piano responds to the touch of one whose fingers at first wander listlessly over the keys, but soon call forth strains sweet in their sadness, and not out of harmony with the day.

But let us look for a moment upon the benefits derived from rainy days. To the husbandman they are rarely unwelcome, and he is happy as he sees the thirsty earth drink up the fast-falling drops, and beholds in imagination the abundant harvest that is soon to follow. But to the student, what a delightful time for study and research are these days when he is no longer tempted out of doors by birds and sunshine, but is forced to seek his enjoyment by converse with the past through the medium of books! Then is another world opened to the searcher after pleasure, and he glows with enjoyment as he follows the fortunes of Mr. Pickwick and his good-natured friends, or is stirred with admiration for the past while pouring over the glowing pages of the Wizard of the North. If his ear be attuned to melody, he delights in the musical verses of Tennyson; or the majestic creations of Shakspeare flit before his mental gaze, and ere he is aware, the day, so gloomy at the outset, has flown on wings of pleasure.

In this way may rainy days be converted into blessings, and that monotony avoided which comes of uninterrupted days of sunshine! As the artist shades portions of his picture to bring out his bright lights, as the musician interweaves the minor chords in his gayest measures, and the poet breathes his saddest strains to make more prominent the lighter themes, so does the God of nature intermingle rainy days with bright ones, in order not to dazzle us by the grandeur of perpetual sunshine.

EDNA FIELD

(Second Senior Class).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Augustine, Agney, Bero, Bassett, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, Brady, Buell,

Benz, Black, Brand, Bogart, Charles, Churchill, Cooper, Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, Davis, Dempsey, Duffy, Dennison, Ellwanger, Farwell, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Good, Gilmore, Lucy Griffith, Groves, Haitz, Hutchinson, Hellman, Higgins, Hammond, Hopkins, Hittson, Hess, Hunt, Maude Hess, Johnston, Klingberg, N. Keating, Kemme, Kelly, Kaufman, Kingsbaker, Kimmell, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, Londoner, N. Lennon, Lancaster, La Moure, Morse, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, M. McDowell, M. McDonald, M. McCormack, Nacey, Nickel, Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pinney, Payne, Quinn, K. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, M. Smyth, A. Smith, Sena, Shaw, Tietgen, Tod, Van Mourick, Van Liew, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Wurzburg, Whitney, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Boyle, Curtin, Coady, Crandall, M. Davis, B. Davis, A. E. Dennison, B. Germain, M. Hickey, Hopper, Londoner, Meskill, Nacey, Pfaelzer, Tilden, Wolverton, Wheeler, White, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Curtin, Dysart, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Lingard, McKenna, McCormack, A. McCarthy, Palmer, Wormer.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Roberts, M. Smyth.

2D CLASS—Misses McGuire, Nacey, Kimmell, Thirds.

3D CLASS—Misses Lancaster, Higgins, M. McDowell.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Morse, E. Dennison, Gibbons.

2D CLASS—Misses D. Davis, Bero, Bassett, Sanford, Lynch, A. Ryan, Nester.

3D CLASS—Misses Morehead, Call, Wile, A. E. Dennison, Evoy, Dempsey, Tormey, M. Dennison, M. Byrnes, Hickey, M. Hess, K. Ryan, Murison, Tod.

2D DIV.—Misses Sena, Moore, Charles, Van Mourick, Doble, Holmes, Whitmore, S. Smyth, M. McCormack, Kinney.

4TH CLASS—Misses Jewell, Seeley, Robinson, Black, E. McCormack, Butler, Stewart, R. Lichtenhein, Benz, Kemme, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Dieffenbacher, Londoner, A. Smith, Hammond, Rizer, Field, Goodell, L. Griffith, G. Cowan, Ludwig, Bogart.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Davis, B. Davis, Hopper, Berthelet, Meskill, Baxter, Nacey, B. Germain, P. Germain, Curtin, Culp.

5TH CLASS—Misses Dysart, Egan, M. McCormack, Wormer, Finnerty.

GERMAN.

2D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses Wile, Ludwig, Marrinan,

2D DIV.—Misses Green, E. Adelsperger, Carico, Alkire, Minnie Hess, C. Kasper.

3D CLASS—Misses Kirley, Haitz, Kieffer, L. Welter, Farwell.

4TH CLASS—Misses Maude Hess, Klingberg, Wolffe, Girsch, E. Seeley, O'Sullivan, Tietjen, D. McDonald, C. Jacobs, Pfaelzer, Ebert, M. Moynahan, Schaefer, Schmidt, Zucker, G. Winstandley, Agney, Lichtenhein.

5TH CLASS—Misses Hellman, B. Winstandley, Keating, Brand, G. Cowan, Buell, Lennon, A. Cowan.

PHONOGRAPHY.

1ST CLASS—Misses Kirley, M. Kiernan, R. Butler, A. Moynahan.

2D CLASS—Misses Buell, O'Sullivan, Hellmann, Brand, M. Hess, Hunt, Hanson.

TYPE-WRITING.

The Misses Kirley, Kiernan, A. Moynahan, Maloney, Brand, Gilmore, Kelley, Buell, O'Sullivan, Hanson, R. Lichtenhein.